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THE
T E A R S
OF THE
K Great Britain:— Army:—
F O O T G U A R D S,
UPON THEIR
DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA:
WRITTEN BY AN
ENSIGN of the PROVINCIAL ARMY.

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS and IMPROVEMENTS.

NOS PATRIAM FUGIMUS, NOS DULCIA LINQUIMUS ARVA.

IRE ITERUM IN LACRYMAS, ITERUM TENTARE PRECANDO.

Virgil.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN the following Trifle was first given to the World, it was valued by it's Author in the humblest Degree, being the light Production of a few Hours. The Consequence it hath since obtained, has arisen entirely from those amiable Gentlemen whom it was meant to paint; and their peculiar and particular Notice hath alone raised it into Reputation, and drawn the Attention of the Public upon it.

Many Gentlemen of that respectable Body,
(the FOOT GUARDS) have taken it in high
Dudgeon

Dudgeon, as an unfair and illiberal Attack on their Manners, Persons, and Prowess; how far such Suggestions may be right, how far the Author's Satire may be just, must rest with the impartial World to decide.

Since the Public has bestowed it's Countenance, and the Sunshine of Favour has fallen on this little Brat of *Pindus*—the Mother of the Bantling thinks it her Duty to correct her Child, and amend it's Manners—to render the Company of the young Creature more agreeable to the military Beaux of the TON.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Most truly VIRTUOUS and BEAUTIFUL

L A D Y H_____.

TO thee, chaste Dame—these plaintive
Strains I write,

And with a Quill from *Cupid's* Wing indite;

For by thy cheering ever soft'ring Smiles,

Are hatch'd the Ensigns of the *British* Isles.

'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, propitious Dame,

That stir'st the Passion, and subdu'st the Flame;

And like that mighty Artist, **Pinchbeck* hight,

You snuff the Flame—extinguish not the Light,

But save the Wick—and make it burn more bright.

* The ingenious *Pinchbeck* hath obtained a Patent for his new invented Snuffers—which prevent the Wick of the Candle from falling on the Table: As a Proof of the Excellence of his Ingenuity, he hath always received the strongest Testimonies of the Royal Approbation; for no Monarch ever gave such universal Countenance to the Arts and Sciences as his present Majesty.

B

To

To thee I call, convivial Queen of Love,
 Whom S—— B——, and C——g approve;
 To thee I call, to save me from Disgrace,
 To save from *Indian* Suns my palid Face.
 Long hast thou been the *Paphian* Queen of Joy,
 And rosy *Cupid* thy attendant Boy.
 To many a *MARS hast thou bestow'd Reward,
 And with thee, gallant Captains mounted Guard.
 Protectress, Patroness of lilly Hands,
 O interfere, and save me from those Lands
 Where savage *Indians* thirst for human Blood,
 And make Mankind their daily choicest Food.
 O hear thy gentle Ensign's suppliant Strain,
 I feel the Tomahawk within my Brain;

* The late gallant Lord *Granby*, the Mars of this Hemisphere, could have explained this Line in the most forcible Language.

O spare

O spare me, modern *Venus*, hear my Pray'r,
 And make my Terrors thy peculiar Care!
 I can't support this bloody, civil Strife,
 The very War-Hoop will destroy my Life.
 Now, now the savage Din assails my Ears,
 My martial Breast—is over-charg'd with Fears.
 All *Bunker's Hill* bursts full upon my Eyes;
 There see, a Brother Ensign bleeding lies!
 Had I not better while away my Time,
 In knotting fringe—or namby-pamby Rhime:
 Make *Boutes Rhimès* for Madam *Miller's* Urn,
 Or with our virtuous Parliament adjourn!
 Any Mischance, than be from **Boston* beat,
 Or make at *Lexington* a tame Retreat!

* General *Howe* and Admiral *Shuldbam*, can throw strong Lights upon this Passage.

O beauteous

O beauteous Lady, now your Interest use,
 For I, like gallant *NUGENT, can't refuse
 The powerful Questions of an Office Lord,
 Whose Tongue to me is sharper than the Sword.
 Rather than go—O curse me o'er and o'er,
 Like R—— the Scorn of ev'ry Corps;
 Let me, like him, from all that's dear be hurl'd,
 Mark'd like a *Cain*, the Vagrant of the World.

* Perhaps Society was never so highly indebted to an Individual, as to this gallant Youth—who suffered every Resentment of an incensed and little Court—rather than betray the private Converse of his Friend. Lord B——n, from so excellent an Example, attempted something in this Manner, out of Delicacy to the amiable D—— of K——n, but not with equal Credit or Success.

T H E
T E A R S
O F T H E
F O O T G U A R D S.

WERE I, like NIOBE, all Tears—I'd weep,
And swell the Waters of the mighty Deep:
If chang'd like ARETHUSA to a Stream,
In Tears I'd flow—and Beauty make my Theme.

Curse on the Madness of the Times—and those
Who made th' Americans our fellest Foes!
Let the King's Guards, the Heroes of his Pay,
Brimful of Gin, to Glory wet their Way:
Inspir'd with British Spirit reel to Shame,
Which, drunk, the Sots mistake for martial Fame:

C

And

And let their Officers, to save their Throats,
 Resign their Foppery — and change their Coats.
 I've no Ambition for a civil War,
 To strut the Streets, and show a *Charles' Town* Scar.
 Let cringing Scots — his Majesty's best Friends,
 Spend to great Deeds and ever glorious Ends.
 I will not leave the Maids of Honour's Charms,
 For sleepless Nights — and all the Din of Arms.
 Why vainly purchase the vain silk Cockade,
 Unless to grace the Mall — and gay Parade?
 To strut the Round of *Ranelagh's* bright Ring,
 And, when review'd, look valiant at the King:
 Who never fail'd in regal Courtsey,
 But turn'd a Look as valiant upon me.
 Shall I forego the Glories of these Days,
 Days without Scars — unless from *Charlotte Hays*.
 O shall I yield *Cornely's* and the Park,
 For damn'd Salt-Beef — within a Transport Bark!
 Shall

Shall Limbs like mine — be in a Hammock hung,
 And my sweet Person by the Billows swung?
 Shall I all *Warren's* Scents for Lust of War
 Resign — and take in lieu vile Pitch and Tar!
 O shall I quit the Bag and filken Suit,
*Betty** thy velvet Tongue — and velvet Fruit;
 Whose most melodious Rattle might trepan,
 A modern Minister or Gentleman!
 O crude and horrid Thought — all these to yield,
 A Mark for Riflemen in *Boston* Field.
 It must be so — 'tis Honour pricks us forth,
Bute steers the King — and ev'ry Blight's from *Norther*,
 So the poor Guards must quit their Nights of Ease,
 For all the Dangers of the Land and Seas.
 What is this Honour, that dare force us hence,
 Souls without Spunk, and Pockets without Pence!

* This Eve of fatal Fruit is well known for her Politicks — but it would
 be happy for her noble Customers if she gathered it at the Tree of Know-
 ledge.

Shall we be prick'd by Honour to the Wars?
 Who may remain at Home, secure from Scars!
 Honour! begone — we'll have thee not — avaunt,
 No Shadows shall the Soldiers Conscience haunt:
 Hence to America — thou ghostly Guest;
Putnam perhaps may hug thee to his Breast.
 No more of Honour and it's tinsel Joy,
 The Star, the Feather, of the Man and Boy.
 Ye velvet Nymphs of *King's Court* hear my Song,
 To you my Praises and Adieus belong:
 To you I sigh, and drop a Soldier's Tear,
 And pour my Sorrows in each tender Ear.
 Thrice fair *Fitzwilliams*, Pride of every Place,
 A fallen Angel of the beauteous Race:
 Shall I resign the Bliss of thy fair Charms,
 Thy Tongue's sweet Hybla, and thy Sattin Arms,
 To bear the pelting of the Hail and Rain,
 And stretch my Body on the clay-cold Plain!

Perhaps

Perhaps without the Spirit of a Dram,
 Forbid it * *Frederick, Stevenson and Lamb!*
 Oft' have you seen me to the Fife's shrill Sound,
 Gay as a Gold-Finch, beat the russet Ground
 To *Dawson's Hornpipe*, or to *Duraling*,
 Pride of the Park — and Envy of the Ring.
 If 'tis my Lot — obdurate Powers attend,
 And be for once an unfledg'd Ensign's Friend:
 Spare my dear Person if I'm forc'd from Town,
 Nor on the Plains of *Boston* lay me down.
 To be, or not to be, is now the Stroke,
 To sell, forbidden — and refusing — broke.
 Curse the Cockade, and the fair Fingers too,
 That tied a Knot my Pleasures to undo.
 Was I commission'd a vile Ship to board,
 And draw the hostile unrelenting Sword;

* *Kitty Frederick*, the late Filly of an equestrian Lord. *Sally Stevenson*, the fair Nun of the Gothic House in *Park-Lane*. *Harriot Lamb* — when well grown Mutton — preferred the Name of *Powell* and a new Lord.

All my Intentions were of bearing Arms,
 To recommend me to the Ladies Charms!
 Have I for Years us'd Rouge — and Almond Paffe,
 To be with Monsters of the Sea disgrac'd;
 Blanch'd my soft Hands with Gloves of Chicken-Skins,
 And turn'd my Flaxen Hair with Silver Pins:
 Have I, to sweeten my soft zephyr's Breath,
 Fed upon Roses, to be Food for Death!
 Have I, my Face in Milk of Roses lav'd,
 To be by painted Savages enslav'd.
 Shall such a Body leave it's native Coast,
 The Life of Routs, and ev'ry Beauty's Toast!
 Shall all these Virtues — and the Grace's Train
 Dance in a Bark — the Laughter of the Main?
 Here let me stay — and simper o'er my Tea,
 Indeed the Ocean has no Charms for me!
 What do I see! Ye Gods — what horrid Spectre!
 Why thus afflict — *in Truth* I am no Hector?

See how it glides and beckons to the Main,
 There thou may'st glide and beckon too again.
 Let my Lord GOWER in the Senate roar,
 And stigmatize the Heroes of yond Shore;
 Could he debate like PITT — like *Junius* write,
 I still should dread — the *Yankeys* all would fight.
 Let him high Mad-Man pledge his noble Head,
 Content in Peace — I'll press my downy Bed;
 Clasp in my Arms some *Covent-Garden* Punk,
 And cane a Waiter to Proclaim my Spunk.
 Let *Marching-Regiments* attempt the Sea,
 These are imperial Acts, and worthy me.
 Let *Jemmy Twitcher* laugh at civil Wars,
 He pleads in vain the Morals of our Tars:
 Still let him shamble supercilious Whight,
 His Ethicks ne'er will prompt me to the Fight.

Not

Not all the Fame which gallant WARREN* won,
 Can make me bear th' Explosion of a Gun!
 Let red hot Patriots boast the glorious Flame,
 And on thy spotless Tablet martial Fame
 MONTGOMERY'S Name in Golden Letters draw,
 Who fell in Arms for Liberty and Law!
 Such vague vain Shades of Honour can't invite,
 I'll rather make *Apologies*† than fight.
 I can, I can no more ye Powers Divine;
 Ye Soldiers, who have better Nerves than mine
 May serve the King — but I must now resign.

* Who commanded the Attack at *Bunker's-Hill*, and bravely fell in the Defence of the Liberties of *America*. Dr. *Franklin* delivered an excellent Oration on his Death: More animated than *Anthony's* over *Cæsar's* Body, and with the dauntless Intrepidity of the virtuous *Brutus*.

† We are told a certain amorous General made four *Apologies*, which were rejected; and at last adopted one written by a sensible and intrepid sea Captain.